the water as above it. I sat down in the midst of the many-colored pebbles and filled my hands with them, as a child would have done. My brother lay down upon them as he would have done on the green sward and laughed and talked joyously with me.

"Do this," he said, rubbing his hands over his face and running his fingers through his dark hair.

I did as he told me and the sensation was delightful. I threw back my loose sleeves and rubbed my arms, then my throat and again thrust my fingers through my long, loose hair, thinking at the time what a tangle it would be in when I left the water. Then the thought came, as we at last arose to return, "What are we to do for towels?" for the Earth-thoughts still clung to me, and I wondered, too, if the lovely robe was not entirely spoiled. But behold, as we neared the shore and my head once more emerged from the water, the moment the air struck my face and hair I realized that I would need no towel or brush. My flesh, my hair and even my beautiful garments, were soft and dry as before the water touched them. The material out of which my robe was fashioned was unlike anything that I had ever seen. It was soft and light—and shone with a faint luster, reminding me more of silk crepe than anything I could recall, only infinitely more beautiful. It fell about me in soft, graceful folds, which the water seemed to have rendered even more lustrous than before.

"What marvelous water! What wonderful air!" I said to my brother, as we again stepped upon the flowery sward. "Are all the rivers like this one?"

"Not just the same, but similar," he replied.

"Frank, what has that water done for me?" I said. "I feel as though I could fly."

He looked at me with earnest, tender eyes, as he answered gently, "It has washed away the last of the Earth-life, and fitted you for the new life upon which you have entered."

"It is divine!" I whispered.

"Yes, it is divine," he said.

(Excerpts from INTRA MUROS through the courtesy of David C. Cook Publishing Co.)

(To Be Continued)

HOPE

HEALTH OPULENCE PEACE ENLIGHTENMENT

Volume 2 **August-September, 1956** **No. 3**

Thoughts are Things

You never can tell what a thought will do
In bringing you hate or love—
For *thoughts are things,* and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the laws of the Universe—
Each thing creates its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Also in this issue:

There Is No Death—
Intra Muros
The Great White Brotherhood
Paul, The Venetian
The Broken Violin
Life of Paolo Veronese
"Love, Honor and—"

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THE BROKEN VIOLIN

Warren Blake was eleven. He was a dreamy, slim, mild-mannered lad, passionately fond of music. He loved roaming about alone in the large rambling garden round the old Manor House, Burnwold Grange. Most of all, he adored its ancient Chapel, seldom used now, but in the days of the famous Sir Joshua, 200 years ago, it was in constant use, as a Priest-Chaplain was then in residence.

His most prized possession was an old, golden-toned violin which had been in the family for generations. Warren's maternal uncle was a famous orchestral conductor whom he adored and great excitement reigned when, on rare occasions, his uncle came to stay at the Manor. Warren's father was a Commander in the Navy, so often cruising with his squadron that Warren seldom had his company for any length of time.

A year after Warren's mother died, his father married a widow with a son about the same age as Warren. Warren's stepmother gave him scant affection, doting only on her own son, Don. The contrast between the two boys was most marked.

Don was sturdy; his one idea was to excel in sports. He never read a book, nor did music appeal to him. He loved horses, and was filled with envy of Warren's elegant pony, Pasha, a present from his father on his last birthday. Don's own pony was sturdy like himself, but by no means had it any claim to quality or high spirits. Warren steadily declined to let Don ride Pasha, as he detested the brutal treatment Don meted out to his own mount to goad it on to excessive speed.

The one sport which Warren revelled in was cricket. He had a true eye and quick wrist and often made a tidy score for his side. Don, too, was a devotee of the game and practiced at the nets every chance he had, but he was never brilliant and secretly he envied Warren's superior skill at the wickets.

Both boys were chosen for the junior match against the rival school, St. Jude's and as it was an important annual event, a large gallery of parents and supporters assembled on the green. St. Vincent's, the home side, lost the toss and St. Jude's elected to bat. In general, on this particular day the game went badly . . .

Don, who usually gave a good account of himself, scored

exactly nothing. He was furious; he did so wish to shine and show his prowess. Things looked decidedly black. Warren at last had his turn. He noticed that the most dangerous bowler pitched full and deceptive balls, so he decided to step out as far as he dare and hit with all his strength.

It was an excellent decision. He demoralized that bowler, scoring boundries in quick succession. "Bravo, bravo!" was heard from the delighted spectators, as the score rose and rose, till it reached 150, Warren, himself, accounting for 130. Then he missed and was clean bowled. A great ovation was accorded him as he returned to the pavilion. He gave advice to the remaining batsman, who profited thereby, and St. Vincent's won by the narrow margin of 12.

Don, sick with jealousy, glowered each time Warren's name was mentioned and he determined to wreak his spite upon his stepbrother to gain some grim satisfaction.

The annual Concert followed the annual Cricket Match at School, so Warren was eager to play two delightful French pieces his famous uncle had sent him some months before. He practiced in the empty chapel, his favorite spot and he felt pleased that he had at last mastered the intricate bowing of the Rondo part.

Don's black mood deepened 'till he was beside himself with jealous hate. He got up at midnight and stole stealthily to the chapel where the violin was hung on an ancient iron peg, and smashed it on the stone coping outside. Then he returned to await the morning and to gloat inwardly over the devastating blow he had dealt to Warren's pride.

Poor Warren, his heart was broken as well as his beloved violin. He sobbed piteously, alone in the ancient chapel, where he had hoped to have his final play before going to school for the concert. Don's pocket knife lay on the chapel floor—it had fallen out of his dressing-gown pocket the night before. Warren was shocked to the core as the author of this diabolical act was thus clearly apparent.

The shock exhausted Warren so that he drowsed and to his amazement, he saw himself crouched in the corner; (yet he was wide awake)—in a chapel suddenly transformed—a beautiful Altar with gleaming brasses and tall lilies in the flower vases; two Angels or Devas (a tall and a smaller one Warren's size) busied themselves about the Altar. Warren watched with

fascinated gaze. The Angels who both turned and smiled at Warren, beckoned him to come closer.—"I am Amoreal Senior, and this is Amoreal Junior. Would you like to hear us play and sing?"

"I should love it," replied Warren, entranced at the prospect. The elder Amoreal played at a mellow and rich organ, while the boy Angel sang as only Angels can sing, till Warren lost all sense of time and was filled with ecstasy.

"Come," invited Amoreal Senior, extending his hand, "we have been asked to bring you to our greatest Masters of Music, for your deep desire to make the world happier through your violin has won their attention and henceforth, if you will, they will use you to inspire and uplift mankind."

Warren was enthralled at the prospect of accompanying the Angels upon such a visit to the greatest makers of music and willingly placed his hands in both of Theirs. They gently rose with him, his body felt lighter than thistle-down and out They glided through the window. They traveled with incredible yet effortless speed over plains and mountains, rivers and seas, forests and deserts, till a great mountain-range, the world's mightiest, loomed before them.

Glorious sounds reached their ears as they approached a mighty throng of shining ones who had gathered to listen and bathe in the marvellous waves of color and purest emotion, blended with noblest thought, rousing all that was best in the hearers.

Presently, an Angel Messenger sought out Warren and his Attendants and directed them to follow Him. They entered a large room with a lofty, carved ceiling and were bidden to sit on a low divan while the Concert was in progress.

A wonderful instrument penetrated far into the wall, possibly right into the room behind. The player was a majestic, inexpressibly dignified and distinguished looking Artist. A golden light enveloped Him on all sides, the very air of Heaven breathed from His person. He turned for a moment and smiled, a smile that conveyed a world of Love and Perfect Understanding. By His side, stood another Presence, no less noble and a very King among men. He accompanied His companion on a violin, whose tones rang out the loveliest melodies possible to imagine, while the harmonies of the other instruments seemed to voice all that was ever heard on any grand organ or

orchestra. Glorious Angels sang in chorus to blend with the instruments and the waves of sound reached out to the very ends of the Earth!

On a magnificent chord the music stopped. Warren was spellbound, his attention riveted on Those Two who looked like Gods.

The Organ Player signalled him to approach. Warren knelt before Him, speechless with adoration, almost amounting to worship. "My boy," the Voice spoke in golden tones; "I have watched you for some time. Though you are very young, you have a great power to love and a desire to help others, so I have brought you here to ask if you will dedicate your life to raise and inspire people through music, not only the music of sound, but also the music of a beautiful and unselfish life. I will pass on to you some of the Music Magic I possess to help you. Are you willing?"

"O yes," was Warren's whispered answer, "I will try with all my might."

"And I will give you My Blessing also," smiled the glorious Violinist, sending ripples of unbelievable joy through his being.

"Are you willing to forgive your bitterest enemies, also?" asked the first Great One.

"Yes, even Don, though he broke my beloved violin."

"*Do more than that,* dear child. If you can, *win his friendship* and lead him to better ways."

"I will indeed try my best to do so," Warren answered. Slowly the Vision faded, a brief blankness overcame him; then he awoke and found his body stiff from his crouched position.

"Surely, it wasn't a dream, it was so very, very real," he exclaimed, "the most real thing that has ever happened to me."

* * *

"Is this your pocket knife?" asked Warren when he came in to breakfast. Don colored red to the roots of his hair and looked extremely uncomfortable, hung his head, then got up suddenly and raced out of the room. Warren sought him out and said, "All right, Don, I know you are more miserable than I over it. I say, let's forget it. I'll borrow my teacher's violin for tonight." Don could hardly believe his ears! The better side of his nature asserted itself and he was deeply touched by this extraordinary generosity.

"I've been a frightful cad—I don't deserve a decent friend," said Don in a broken voice; "you're a brick, Warren! I wish I could be half as decent as you." They shook hands and so was sealed a wonderful friendship that lasted all through life. The love that woke in Don for Warren soon melted every vestige of jealous feeling.

Strange to relate, the next day there arrived Warren's musical uncle, with a present of a grand old violin, even better than his last, which the uncle had found in an old French farmhouse where he stayed. It had some exquisite paintings of Angels upon its shiny back, remarkably like Amoreal Junior of his Mystic Vision.

Warren fulfilled his sacred Promise and such was the influence his playing conveyed that many were changed in mysterious ways and made to feel that the thing that mattered most in life was—LOVE.

(Reprinted by permission of the editor, Harry H. Banks, Auckland, New Zealand.)

PAOLO VERONESE

(The Great Artist)

"By their WORKS ye shall know them" can truly be said of Paolo Veronese whose life and personality are eclipsed by the grandeur of his paintings.

Because he was born in Verona, Italy, (1528) Paolo Calarai later had bestowed upon him the surname Veronese. He came of a family of artists. The elder Calarai was a sculptor and being a man of a logical turn of mind, he determined that his son should develop dexterity in the same art which he did. Paolo's statuettes modeled in clay were exceedingly remarkable for one so young.

However, after several visits to his painter uncle, Antonio Badile, there stirred within him a greater zest for painting. He applied himself diligently to mastering the technique of his art by copying the engravings of the most severe and least imaginative masters—Durer and Van Leyden. By his constant application, he acquired the steadiness of hand and firmness of line that later gave ballast to his most lavish paintings.

At an age when most youth are just beginning to dream

of future greatness, young Paolo was already recognized by his compatriots as an artist worthy to paint a Madonna for the Church of San Bernardino—and for this task he was commissioned.

So successful was he that he was asked by Cardinal Gonzaga to compete with other Veronese painters of repute to decorate the cathedral at Mantua. Paolo's magnificent production of the "Temptations of St. Anthony" established his peership among his competitors.

At the age of twenty-five, looking for greater opportunity of expression, he betook himself to Venice, the "Queen City of the Adriatic." How the young artist must have been impressed by the wealth and splendor of the most colorful and romantic cultural center of the Renaissance—Venice of the sixteenth century—an independent City-State built on a number of small closely grouped islands at the head of the Adriatic Sea, with its canals for streets and graceful, noiseless gondolas for "carriages"—its splendorful palaces fronted with picturesque colonades, profusely decorated inside with magnificent murals and a collection of the works of Venetian painters of renown; the elaborate Cathedral of St. Marks with its stately camipanile; and the embellished Doge's (magistrate's) Palace. Into her harbors had poured the fabulous wealth of the East—its glittering jewels, fine silks and thick carpets. Venice—at the zenith of her material glory, which had been augmented by the return of the Polos—especially young Marco—from Cathay and which had not yet been eclipsed by the successful voyages of the Portuguese traders around southern Africa to India.

Art flourished. The Venetian painters towered above all others.

Into this lavish setting came young Paolo. Sensitive in the extreme to his surroundings, how he must have been enthralled! What a temptation to imitate the accomplishments of those he so much admired!

But not so the young Veronese. His works were distinctively his own—colored not by the influence of his contemporaries nor his predecessors. He sought not to philosophize, to moralize, nor to conform to tradition. He was an exponent of BEAUTY.

The glory of Venice was captured by his canvas. He not only adorned the ceilings of Her palatial dwellings and orna-

mented the walls of Her Churches, but he used Her grandeur as a setting for all his compositions.

So successful was he in his painting of the "Coronation of the Virgin" that he was commissioned to adorn the sacristy of the Church of San Sabastino and at length was entrusted to decorate the entire edifice. Here remains his inimitable episodes from the "History of Esther and Ahasuerus."

From then on he was second to none among the Venetian artists. From 1555 to 1588 great masterpieces, without interruption, emanated from his brush. Official works as well as productions for Churches, Convents and private persons all brought declarations of esteem from even his competitors. His four famous "Feasts"—"The Wedding at Cana"—"Feast at the House of the Pharisee"—"Feast at the House of the Leper"—and his "Feast at the House of Simon" were considered among his most exuberant productions.

His Biblical characters, exquisitely garbed, were cast against grandiose Venetian background—religious tradition to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"The Wedding at Cana" depicts Jesus as the central figure among one hundred thirty-two personages, including many outstanding historical figures of the century—this set within a framework of imposing architectural background. This masterpiece belongs to France and hangs in the museum of the Louvre in a room known by the name of "Salon Carre".

Esteemed as he was, certain uncompromising traditionalists took exception to Veronese's works. "His fantasy" they pointed out, "was little short of irreverent heresy". On July 18, 1573 he was arraigned before the tribunal of the Inquisition. His "Feast at the House of Levi" came up for severe ridicule. Each character was separately criticised. Veronese appeared nonplussed. He was unaware that he had been irreverent. "Other artists," he pleaded, "had painted what to them was beauty, irrespective of religious sanction." The tribunal acquiesced.

In private life, Veronese was the father of two sons, whom he entrusted with a brush as soon as they were old enough to hold one. Paolo, himself, was economical, a man of strict principles and well regulated habits.

Never did he desire to be a person of great means, nor would he solicit work at any time. Often, piteously small was the remuneration from Convents and Churches, but Paolo

seemed disinterested in the "coin". Many times he declined offers of great wealth.

"The Family of Darius" was painted for a Pisani family—the figures in the composition depicting the members of the family itself. In order to spare the hosts of making any financial return or even the obligation of in any way thanking him, the painter had the completed canvas hid behind the bed so that it would not be found until after he had left the household. The painting now hangs in the National Gallery, London.

So prodigious was his genius and so relentless his enthusiasm that no less than one hundred fifty masterpieces have been externalized through his brush. His paintings may be seen in France, England, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Germany, Austria, Sweden and Russia. Human judgment has pointed out his "Triumph of Venice" as being his highest achievement, but his most majestic production, even though, perhaps, the least known, graces a spacious hall in the Chateau de Liberté in southern France. It represents the Holy Trinity—a magnificent Being, depicting the Father, a lovely white dove with a wing spread of almost nine feet representing the Holy Spirit and a glorious likeness of the Master Jesus representing the Son. The radiation from this picture is so tremendous that it envelops the entire entrance hall and holds the visitor spellbound in its presence.

This was the last of Veronese's works upon the Earth scene. Having externalized the vision for which he came into life, Paolo Veronese ascended into Heaven's Realm, April 19, 1588. He is now known as the Master Paul, the Venetian. As does the Master Jesus, He hears our prayers and knows the longings of our hearts and ever does He await our calls to Him to assist us in the achievement of our purpose.

Every man has come Earthward with some potential gift to offer to bless the Earth and all thereon and that is his "reason for being." The undeveloped gift lies, like the dried seed before planting, within the consciousness of everyone. The burning desire to become a great musician, a great actor, a great singer, a great writer, or a great patriot signifies the stirrings of that "reason for being", which will give the soul no rest until the potential becomes the manifest fact.

To those within whose heart is the desire to express the God given talents for the blessings of mankind, the Beloved

Paul is a Spiritual Brother. The faith, the confidence and the encouragement which keeps the amateur as well as the accomplished inspired, comes from the heart of this Great Being.

Within His all-encompassing consciousness is the beauty of architecture—the beauty of music—the beauty that flows through the realms of science and nature—the beauty of devotional activities—of the ceremonial activities—all these await the receptivity of human beings sensitive enough to tune into their magnificence. *Why,* then, in our ignorance, indifference or apathy, *do we close it out?* Were we daily to call upon our Beloved Friend, the Venetian, what a release of Heaven's opulence could come upon our Earth!

If an inheritance were left us by a wealthy relative and we had not been apprised of it, or having been informed, refused to investigate its reality and appropriate it to our use, of what advantage would the resource be?

Call unto the Great Venetian! He is real! He is waiting—waiting in love and sincerity to help *you* expand your God given virtues and talents for the benefit of your fellowman!

Within His heart are those healing melodies which could heal cancer and those terrific maladies which destroy the bodies and minds of the people while we fumble with experiment after experiment without effecting a cure.

Even feeble efforts of the expression of a talent are blest by Beloved Paul for He realizes the potential within the individual and helps to love it through the refining of the gross expression so that it will eventually manifest in a fine and beautiful design.

Would that we were as tolerant, as diplomatic, as patient, loving and understanding toward our fellowman as is the Great Master Paul Whose code of living is "I am My brother's keeper."

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

(Lives of Great Men and Women Who Have Blessed the Human Race)

Many centuries ago, the planet Earth had reached a point of darkness and distress, when the souls of men, for the most part, had lost their conscious connection with their Source

(GOD). The people of Earth, having so lost the directions of God, were no longer externalizing His Will—which is the expression of Health, Opulence, Peace and Enlightenment. They were creating shadows of limitation which saturated the atmosphere of the planet on which they dwelt. By free-will, through the use of their God given rights of thought, feeling, spoken word and action, they had created a "shroud" of shadow around the Earth and the vibrations from this *mass* creation of shadow contributed nothing of light, beauty, harmony or perfection to the Universe of which Earth is but one small part.

It was thought then, that as the gardener prunes the withered limb from the parent tree, to remove the Earth from the Universal Scheme. The Intercession of a Great Being from the planet Venus, known to some as Sanat Kumara and by many others as The Ancient of Days, made it possible for the planet Earth to be sustained in the hope that It and Its attendant evolutions might be spiritually resuscitated and that the Earth might again be a LIVING PART of the Music of the Spheres, contributing to the beauty of the Universe, as God intended in the beginning.

Sanat Kumara was given permission to enter the atmosphere of Earth and endeavor to stimulate the all but extinguished spiritual light within the hearts of men. This He did. Those responding to His love and radiation of Spiritual Truth, gathered around Him and thus began the spiritual order known as "The Great White Brotherhood". There service is (and always has been) to develop Themselves in Their true Divine Nature as God intended and, by example, teaching, radiation and service, to raise their fellowman to a like realization of his Divine Destiny.

Members of the Heavenly Host offered to teach those whose consciousnesses were kindled by an interest in bringing into outer manifestation the Divine Will of God. These individuals (receiving such instruction in their finer bodies during sleep at night) responded to the teachings of the Hierarchy and, in turn, these became Members of The Great White Brotherhood. Some, through many, many embodiments, set the example of the Christ by their daily living, thus fulfilling their Divine Plan (reason for being) and made the Ascension, as Beloved Jesus did.

One such Being, availing Himself of the instruction of the Ascended Ones (practically proving those Truths through many Earth lives) qualified so to ascend. He is the Chohan (Lord) of the Third Ray to the Earth and is known as Paul. He is also called "The Venetian Master" to distinguish Him from His illustrious confrere, St. Paul, Whose ministry and service in the Christian Dispensation is so well known. ("St. Paul" is now the Chohan of the Fifth Ray, the Master Hilarion).

Divine Love—The Third (Pink) Ray

The beloved Chohan of the Third Ray is particularly concerned with the development and expansion of the Divine nature which is anchored within every human heart, as the pattern of the oak tree is developed from within the acorn. Those who desire to acquire a deeper love for their fellowman; a sense of tolerance, understanding and unity toward all God's children (no matter what their present concept of God, His Divine Will or the method of worshipping this God and serving Him) would do well to call to the beloved Master, Paul, the Venetian. Then, by stilling the outer self and holding the attention upon this Master for at least several minutes at a time, one may receive into his world through radiation, the *Master's* feeling of greater compassion and love which thus enters his feelings. He will also receive greater wisdom and understanding as the *Master's* thoughts enter his mind and the *Master's* ideas for giving more practical service to mankind and all Earth's Evolutions enter his world.

These are all blessings available to the individual who desires to enjoy a spiritual partnership with the Beloved Paul. "Ask and ye shall receive. . . ." By turning your attention toward this Divine Being and your eternal Friend of Light, you thus "ask" (invite) His Presence with all Its perfection into your own world. Then, without tension, try to *feel* very tangibly *His feeling of Divine Love* and assistance to you, coming to you on the very beam of energy which your attention turned toward Him has created. If this practice is faithfully continued (daily, at least) the feeling of His radiating help to you will be all the proof you will require of His reality and His desire (as well as His capacity) to assist you!

Dearly Beloved Heavenly Father and Beloved Master Paul: I am desirous of fulfilling my Divine Plan upon the Earth. I am desirous also of knowing, understanding and cooperating with the other members of the human race who are devoting their time, energies, attention and services to forwarding the evolution of this planet. I seek an open mind; an understanding heart and a compassionate viewpoint whereby I can see the *good* in *every constructive endeavor*. Help me, thus, to transcend bigotry, prejudice and intolerance of every kind so that I may see, *know* and encourage the Divine Plan through all people everywhere! Amen!

"LOVE, HONOR AND . . .

Obey!" Most of us are quite familiar with the above group of words but many are not too enthusiastic about the last one —obey. Perhaps the *real* meaning of this word has not been clearly understood. Obedience simply means opportunity for loving co-operation. Now, *that* doesn't sound so dominating, does it? *That* doesn't make us feel that we are being compelled to do something. God's gift of free-will to His children is innate in every heart and any interference with our self-conscious use of that gift stirs up rebellious feelings in nearly everyone. True, it is stronger in some than in others but all life loves freedom —especially the freedom to be allowed to express itself constructively in the fulfillment of its Divine Plan or "reason for being". Every living soul has a reason for being. To *find* that reason and *lovingly cooperate with it* is to perfect one's world and finally make the Ascension in the light back to the Father, as our Beloved Jesus did. This is the goal of all human existence and is real obedience to God!

Now we know that *all life is one* and that what affects one affects all to some extent. For instance, the feeling of disappointment is common to all under certain compelling circumstances and this *feeling* is felt by all under similar conditions unless the individual's world is sufficiently controlled so as not to allow these feelings to register. Do you see?

What Are Your Feelings?

Well, then, *how do you feel* when you come home after a full day of service in your business, a bit on the weary side, perspiring and generally uncomfortable? How do you feel

when, looking forward to the refreshment of a lovely warm shower before your meal, lo! you turn the tap in anticipation and the water does not obey you? No water comes—either because someone else is using it in another part of the house or the general water pressure is low, or for any number of reasons. *Just what are your feelings?* Disappointment is certainly one of them and that can ramify out into a dozen more uncomfortable ones—uncomfortable to you and all the life around you.

What are your feelings when, sometime during the night, you are awakened suddenly from sleep by unfamiliar sounds? You get up with one idea in mind—to turn on the light—only to find that no light appears. Why? Well there could be many reasons—one of them because a bulb had burned out and had not been replaced. At any rate, *what are your feelings at this moment?* Are they comfortable and a blessing to yourself and all the life around you?

Suppose you have allowed yourself just enough time to get to the office or some appointment it is important for you to make on time. You get to the corner—a bus is coming and you are so grateful to have made it. Then, instead of stopping for you, the bus driver just "plows" right ahead and leaves you standing there—what are your feelings then? Someone did not *obey* your desire for help at that moment—help to take you to your appointment.

Suppose it is storming outside, you need to telephone the grocer for food which you need quickly and the telephone does not give you the expected "buzz" for dialing. Suppose that telephone is "dead"—what are your feelings when that magnificent convenience does not *obey* you? Yet, we take it so much for granted.

The Remedy

Now, having read the above, we all agree that our feelings are much the same under these circumstances, no matter what our color, age, creed or position in life. What is the remedy? What will help to correct these conditions and help us all to lovingly co-operate with each other to produce a happier, better and more beautiful world for all to enjoy? First of all, to give a feeling of gratitude and blessing to all the life that serves us is an easy and wonderful way to sustain and expand

our present good. Everyone likes the feeling of gratitude when it is given him personally—even inanimate life responds to gratitude (one of the virtues of Divine Love) and serves us better because of our blessing given to it. Any machine (typewriter, automobile, etc.) will run better and last longer when it is blessed and cared for than one which is abused, either by neglect of oil, gas or a feeling of blessing. Remember—the engine of your car "lives" in your aura (atmosphere of thought and feeling, spoken word and deed) because your aura extends out around the physical body for some fifty feet at least (some auras are much larger than this!). Therefore, the "tone" and quality of that which is habitually released from your being pours out constantly from you, waking or sleeping, day and night, just as a radiator radiates out from it that which is within itself. Do you see? You can easily test this out. Try blessing your car every morning when you begin your day thanking it for the good service it *has given* you and for that which is *yet to come*. TRY IT! It costs nothing to try and IT WILL WORK FOR YOU!

Along this line, we knew of a family (just a man and wife) who were starting a new business with very, very little capital. They had an old Ford which had certainly seen much better days even before *they* bought it (a used car). The husband was quite tense about his financial matters and not so sure this business could be made successful. The wife, on the other hand, was a cheerful, pert little woman who was naturally happy and grateful for all the good she had. Invariably, when the husband would try to start that old Ford in the mornings, it wouldn't obey him—it wouldn't start—whereupon he heaped upon it all sorts of verbal abuse, as well as a few good punches. Then, embarrassed in feeling, he would call his wife who would merely get into the car, step on the gas and off it would go! She would always first bless the car and speak to it like an intelligent being and, when it felt the touch of that gentle appreciation, it responded and gave obedience to her desires!

The Golden Rule

The lesson then is obvious. Give the feeling to life that you wish life to give back to you! It has been said that before you can have a thing, you must give it first. That seems like a paradox, but it is not—because *you are life* and no one in this

Universe has any more or less to work with than you. ALL HAVE LIFE and that is EVERYTHING by which or with which they have to produce manifestation. Did you ever think of that? Some seem to have more ability, possessions, etc., but how did they get them? By using the life with which they started in such a manner that it produced for them more of what they wanted and, holding steadfast to the plan with which they started, they did not allow either their own or someone's else ideas or suggestions to turn them aside from their goal.

Obey the demands of life and life will obey you! It is as simple as that. It is the Golden Rule all over again—and life will never have any more simple and true statement or guide by which to live than those few lovely words. "Do as you would be done by" is another version of it. Remember *how you felt* when you were not obeyed or co-operated with lovingly and (if we are wise) this will enable you and me to mend our ways and never, never, never again consciously cause any other part of life disappointment, or distress of any kind. The Master Jesus said: "If ye *know* these things, *happy* are ye if ye do them!" To endeavor to expand the constructive virtues of life—kindness, happiness, understanding, forgiveness, helpfulness and preferring the comfort and well-being of others even to our own, will enable life to *make and keep us comfortable,* happy and supplied with the limitless abundance of every good thing. Don't believe it—if you don't want to—*you don't have to believe it because you can prove it!* It will bring you happiness and eternal victorious success!

LOOKING AHEAD IN EDUCATION

(From the Within to the Without)

The time is upon us when we must be aware of a way of education suitable to our era.

The first obligation which the educator must meet is to realize that the child is a spiritual being with latent powers and divine attributes waiting to unfold. *He comes into life with a mission of his own to perform.*

As the tender shoots of a young plant force their way

through seemingly impossible obstruction, pushing sizable objects out of their way, so does the God-potential of the young child strive to externalize in concrete manifestation.

Thus far the incoming infant has been met with a more or less prescribed formula which has been imposed from without and to which he has been expected to conform in the home, in the school and in society in general.

This is because we have accepted him as a helpless human being rather than as a "god" in the becoming, who brings with him his own past into the present, *with his own future to perfect.* Father and mother are a channel for his incoming; *not a source* of his qualities and characteristics.

Only the most sturdy have pushed through the crust of parental selfishness, teacher-ignorance and established social custom and have brought to full bloom that which was once contained within the seed. How many poets, artists, philosophers and scientists have had their great natural abilities thwarted by "guardians" to the extent that Providence Itself has had to take a hand—making of its subject a seeming vagabond rather than that the whole world should lose what the genius has come into life specifically to accomplish.

The incoming consciousnesses of the New Era will be more evolved, more sensitive to their inner promptings and more convinced of their individualized service to life.

Education Faces New Opportunities

It is an unprecedented opportunity which education faces as it looks ahead and it behooves it to prepare now for its Utopian responsibilities. There is no second choice. The prodigal has emptied the last of the shekels from his purse. There is no other recourse but to return to the "Father's House".

Being at the moment in the usual difficult period of transition, we must make the wise use of the staff of *common sense* to guide our footsteps across the abyss from the present to the future.

The reason that utopias have previously failed is because the effort was made to assume the new before it had been proven scientifically sound and without bridging the chasm with that which had been of practical value in the past. The

new must evolve *naturally* from the old; it cannot be prematurely imposed with success.

To cope with the situation it goes without saying that the best teachers of the New Era will be the "natural born", imbued with wisdom, with a deep, sincere, yet impersonal love—willing to expound Truth without bias and to cut away with the Sword of Light, barnacles of misconception that have camouflaged reality. This is not to suggest the negative approach of personal fault-finding which tends to magnify mistrust, discouragement and antagonism; better to stimulate interest in right thinking, to inspire spiritual awakening and to evoke the God-quality of discrimination which will of itself, from within, initiate a constructive response.

A oneness of fundamentals will pervade the new education which will make it international in scope. To this end will subject matter be revised.

The student will come to lean less upon external libraries for knowledge; he will draw more upon the encyclopedia of wisdom already too long shelved within the soul.

Development Should be Drawn From Within

From his earliest years he should live as much as possible in the great out-of-doors, bathing in the impersonal sunshine, making companions of birds, flowers and insects. He will thus observe the life-force expressing through them, until the outer has taken individual form according to the pattern within.

Approaching maturity, as he begins to experience that same natural creative life-force arising within him, he will recognize it for what it really is—God-life surging toward manifestation. He will learn to look upon it impersonally and scientifically and will regard it with reverence and awe. He will find it responsive to his control.

Guided by high ideals and lofty thoughts, he will be able to direct it into constructive channels. He will thus escape the quagmire of desire, the slavery of passion, the soddenness of the clod, the dulling of the finer senses. Rather he will become a creative genius, a god in his own right, directing through his *heart center* a deepening compassion for mankind; through his voice the power to command; through his eyes he will behold perfection without delusion; through his brain he will magnetize from the Universal Mind ideas never yet manifested for the benefit of mankind. Finally (although incidently) through the flesh, he may become a channel by which a physical vehicle is created for an incoming lifestream to inhabit.

Could a more noble task face the schools of the future than to educate—*educere,* "to lead forth" into concrete manifestation, *the God-potential within our youth?*

VENUS—EARTH'S SISTER PLANET

(Home of Sanat Kumara)

Shining in the Celestial Sky is Earth's Sister Planet, Venus. How often have the eyes of the children of Earth looked upwards and enjoyed the beauty and brilliance of Her Presence in the darkness of the Earth's night! Could it be that Venus and all the glorious planets of our System are barren of life and evolution and that the sole purpose of the Galaxies of Heaven is to provide light and pleasure for the small orb of the Earth? No, a moment's thought will dispel this arrogant and thoughtless concept as we contemplate the fact that the Earth is one of the smallest of the planets in our System and surely her produce and her radiance at present are not of such importance as to balance the infinite gifts and presence of the Sun and Stars that swing in silent splendor through our night.

Ah—yes—On Venus there is life and love and an evolution of a Cosmic purpose far beyond that which we on Earth have yet achieved; but toward which the thinkers of the race have pointed us since time began. For She is, even in Her physical position in relation to the Sun, a more advanced planet. Her very name has always signified the fullness of Love.

Man's journey through life is the progression of souls learning through experience the laws of life and love, the relentless law of cause and its ultimate effect. In this long and self-chosen pilgrimage, he must wear many garments (bodies) and live in many climes. Thus he gathers into his consciousness by experience the wealth of knowledge which is the germ of Mastery over self and his world. When the lessons of Earth are learned, the soul sometimes migrates to another planet to

fully round out itself, even as a student enters a school of higher learning in order to more fully prepare for a vocation. Thus, very few of the more fortunate among mankind have been privileged to complete their soul development upon the planet Venus and, on rare occasions, *great souls* from Venus have entered into the world of men.

Venus has Her Own evolved Beings Who have grown and matured with Her as, in time, the Earth children will develop with their planet into harmony, self-mastery and peace. These Beings on Venus are the Elder Brothers and Sisters of the human race.

Life on Venus

The life on Venus is under the direction of a Great Hierarchy of Perfected Men and Women, called the Lords of the Flame. They are the *embodiment* of wisdom and of love. There is but one language; one state; one race; one purpose. There is no dis-ease; no crime; no army or navy; or any instrument of force, for physical violence is unknown. Every citizen of this World Estate contributes his talents freely to the common cause for fifteen short years, between the ages of 20 and 35. Before this time, all are educated by the State according to their particular talents and interests of the individual citizens.

After having been educated by the State, each citizen is permitted to utilize his talents and gifts during the period of "world benefit" for the good of the entire citizenry. After the years of service, each is allowed to pursue such spiritual and cultural studies as his nature may choose.

Old age and disintegration are not experienced because there is no inharmony.

(More of the story of Venus will come forth in future issues of this Journal.)

THERE IS NO DEATH

Intra Muros (Inside the Walls)

I was many hundred miles away from home and friends and had been very ill for many weeks. I was entirely among strangers; had taken no nourishment of any kind for nearly

three weeks and was greatly reduced in both flesh and strength —consciousness seemed at times to wholly desert me.

I lay in a large, comfortable room, on the second floor of a house in Kentville. The bed stood in a recess at one end of the apartment and from this recess a large stained-glass window opened upon a veranda fronting on the street. During much of my illness I lay with my face to this window and my back to the room; and I remember thinking how easy it would be to pass through the window to the veranda, if one so desired. When the longing for the loved distant faces and voices became more than I could bear, I prayed that the dear Christ would help me to realize His blessed Presence; and that since the beloved ones of Earth could not minister to me, I might feel the influence of the other dear ones who are "all ministering spirits." Especially did I ask to be sustained should I indeed be called to pass through the dark waters alone. It was no idle prayer and the response came swiftly, speedily. All anxieties and cares slipped away from me, as a worn-out garment and peace, Christ's peace, enfolded me. I was willing to wait God's time for the coming of those so dear to me and said to myself, more than once, "If not here, it will be there; there is no fear of disappointment there." In those wonderful days of agonized suffering and great peace, I felt that I had truly found, as never before, the refuge of "the Everlasting Arms." They lifted me; they upbore me; they enfolded me; and I rested in them, as a tired child upon its mother's bosom. One morning, dark and cold, after a day and night of intense suffering, I seemed to be standing on the floor by the bed, in front of the stained-glass window. Some one was standing by me, and, when I looked up I saw it was my husband's favorite brother, who "crossed the flood" many years ago.

"My dear brother Frank!" I cried out joyously, "how good of you to come!"

"It was a great joy to me that I could do so, little sister," he said gently. "Shall we go now?" and he drew me toward the window.

"I cannot leave Will and our dear boy," I said.

"They are not here, dear—but hundreds of miles away," he answered.

"Yes, I know, but they will be here. Oh, Frank, they will need me—let me stay!" I pleaded.

"Would it not be better if I brought you back a little later—after they come?" he said, with a kind smile.

"Would you surely do so?" I asked.

"Most certainly, if you desire it. You are worn out with the long suffering and a little rest will give you new strength."

I felt that he was right and we started slowly up the street.

"You are so weak I think I had better carry you;" and without waiting for a reply, he stopped and lifted me in his arms as though I had been a little child. I felt so safe, so content, to be thus in his care.

He walked on with firm, swift steps and I think I must have slept; for the next I knew, I was sitting in a sheltered nook, made by flowering shrubs, upon the softest and most beautiful turf of grass, thickly studded with fragrant flowers, many of them the flowers I had known and loved on Earth. But even in that first moment I observed how perfect in its way was every plant and flower.

Beneath the trees, in many happy groups, were little children, laughing and playing, running hither in their joy and catching in their tiny hands the bright-winged birds that flitted in and out among them. All through the grounds, older people were walking, all with an air of peacefulness and happiness that made itself felt by even me a stranger. All were in spotless white, though many wore about them or carried in their hands clusters of beautiful flowers. As I looked upon their happy faces and their spotless robes, again I thought, "These are they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Look where I would, I saw, half hidden by the trees, elegant and beautiful houses of strangely attractive architectures, that I felt must be the homes of the happy inhabitants of this enchanted place. I caught glimpses of sparkling fountains in many directions and close to my retreat flowed a river, with placid breast and water clear as crystal. The walks that ran in many directions through the grounds appeared to me to be, and I afterward found were, of pearl, spotless and pure, bordered on either side by narrow streams of pellucid water, running over stones of gold. The one thought that fastened itself upon me as I looked breathless and speechless, upon this scene, was "PURITY, PURITY!" No shadow of dust; no taint of decay on fruit or flower; everything perfect, everything

pure. The air was soft and balmy, though invigorating; and instead of sunlight there was a golden and rosy glory everywhere; something like the afterglow of a Southern sunset in midsummer.

As I drew in my breath with a short, quick gasp of delight, I heard my brother say softly, "Well?" and, looking up I discovered that he was watching me with keen enjoyment. Recalled to myself by his question, I faltered:

"Oh, Frank, that I—" when such an overpowering sense of God's goodness and my own unworthiness swept over me that I dropped my face into my hands and burst into uncontrollable and very human weeping.

"Ah!" said my brother, "I am inconsiderate. Come, I want to show you the river."

When we reached the brink of the river I found that the lovely sward ran even to the water's edge and in some places I saw the flowers blooming placidly down in the depths, among the many-colored pebbles with which the entire bed of the river was lined.

"I want you to see these beautiful stones," said my brother, stepping into the water and urging me to do the same.

I drew back timidly, saying, "I fear it is cold."

"Not in the least," he said, "Come."

"Just as I am?" I said, glancing down at my lovely robe, which to my great joy, I found was similar to those of the dwellers in that happy place.

"Just as you are," with a reassuring smile.

Thus encouraged, I, too stepped into the "gently flowing river" and to my great surprise found the water, in both temperature and density, almost identical with the air. Deeper and deeper grew the stream as we passed on, until I felt the soft, sweet ripples playing about my throat. As I stopped, my brother said, "a little farther still."

"It will go over my head," I expostulated.

"Well, and what then?"

"I cannot breathe under the water—I will suffocate."

An amused twinkle came into his eyes, though he said soberly enough, "We do not do those things here."

To my surprise and delight, I found I could not only breathe, but laugh and talk, see and hear, as naturally under